
THE

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October 15, 1932

Volume XXI

Number One

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A BYRONIC EPISODE

William J. Voors '33

"Ave Maria! 'tis the hour of prayer!
Ave Maria! 'tis the hour of love!
Ave Maria! may our spirits dare
Look up to thine and to thy Son above!
Ave Maria! oh that face so fair!"

Sublime thoughts, indeed! What language! When the source of this verse is contemplated, however, the same source from which emanated that more than bold poem, "Don Juan," any reader will necessarily be greatly amazed. To think that a man possessing the temperament, character, and reputation of Lord Byron could put into his verse sentiments of this kind is clearly more than agreeably surprising. "Young, proud, traveled, mysteriously unhappy, romantically wicked, showing a countenance of wild insolent beauty,"—such is the opinion of Byron that has grown out of the general agreement of his critics. That a man whose manner of living and whose authorship have given those who knew him best an opinion of this bizarre kind should entertain and express the most exalted ideas pertaining to spiritual life is certainly paradoxical. Is it perhaps

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due to the fact that in Byron discouragement was as profound as his spirit was vehement? That in moments when all seemed hopelessly dark, he saw but the light of "The Star of the Sea?"

But is it justifiable to credit Byron with any lasting, solid, spiritual sentiments? Hardly so. From any angle that he is viewed, he reflects a jumble of prismatic-character hues that are totally disconcerting to anyone who tries to say with any degree of certainty that he is this or that type of man. His life in love or in hate, in practical activity or in the refinement of authorship, was overcast with the rapid moving clouds of storm. Whatever sunshine flashed through these clouds was never of long duration. The lines quoted in reference to the Virgin Mother of God that seem to come from a mind given to heavenly contemplation are immediately preceded in the poem, "Don Juan," from which they are taken, by lines that reveal the un-Christian assassin of the character of others whose literary productions and personalities he regarded with willful loathing. One need but read the following quotation to feel the churlish sneer that he hurled at poets as good, if not better than himself:

"All are not moralists, like Southey, when
He prated to the world of Pantisocracy:
Or Wordsworth unexercised, unhired, who then
Seasoned his peddler poems with democracy."

That Shakespeare was guilty of stealing deer is not overlooked anymore than Bacon's defaulting in money matters. It is sorely regrettable that for the sake of easy reference such as Byron makes, the great English master-dramatist did not rob a grocery

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store or steal King James' purse, for then this practice of easy reference might prove somewhat interesting, but as the incident stands in Byron's poem it is flat, useless, and uncalled for. It may be different with regard to the reference aimed at Bacon, but coming from a man like Byron, one is inclined to wonder how it comes that he whose life was so thickly beset with faults, should have courage enough to point the finger of scorn at anyone else.

Now that a hundred and ten years have elapsed since Byron's day, and critics have unloaded a vast jumble of opinions on his works and personality, it is more difficult than ever to guess even remotely what turns in fortune awakened in his mind spiritual emotions that belong to the tenderest which any man could express. Perhaps the solution is to be found in the simple fact that Byron was like other men of literary quality whose names are few, but remarkable nevertheless, men who in their lives exhibit a curious mixture of virtue and vice, of religion and agnosticism, of hypocrisy and humility. Very likely the inspiration that is responsible for the unusually lofty outpouring of holy thought, as evident in the lines regarding the Mother of God, was aroused in Byron by the call of the Angelus Bell to prayer, not unlike it was known to happen in the life of Francois Villon, who in the midst of his studies, as well as in the midst of his thieving and waywardness, would respond to the pious sentiments awakened in him by the ringing of the Angelus.

If Byron had lived long enough to taste the fruits of experience that age alone can offer in ripened form, he probably would have taken a more definite attitude towards things spiritual and temp-

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oral, towards virtue and vice, than is now evident in his literary productions. Why, his biographers even maintain that, though he desired to be a poet with all his heart, yet he ridiculed poetry and called a poet "a mere babbler." He may have become disgusted with his own trivialities when he used this expression, but it surely cannot represent his conviction as may clearly be seen in what he has to say in "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers." The fact is that he appears as one gazing at the world through a veil; unable to see anything distinctly. That he was unaware of this defect in his life appears quite clearly in these lines from the third canto of "Childe Harold":

"In my youth's summer I did sing of one,
The wandering outlaw of his own dark mind."

Literary men, in giving their estimates of Byron have employed superlatives quite liberally both in describing him as good or bad. They may well be justified in this attitude towards him, as his life as reflected in his writings, in which he is always the chief item personally, exhibits the good and the bad in lavish plenty. Of an author whose ideals remained unsettled throughout his lifetime, whose emotions were as varied as the winds and the waves in a storm at sea, whose one ambition was to make himself heard at any and all costs it is difficult to say anything very exactly outside of emphasizing one fact, namely, that like Byron, he will blow the "big tin horn" very successfully. As for the blasts for the noble or the ignoble that are sent through that horn there will be as little reason detectable in the character

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of the man as there is in Byron when in one line of his poems he assails his enemies and in another praises the Virgin Mother of God.

The Workshop

P. Thomas

What is a school? It is a workshop where
Each pupil may with tools of toil and prayer
Fashion to himself a wondrous statue there.

Himself the marble is; he carves a man
Living and vibrant with a soul, that can
Touch heaven with his finger tips or fan

To fiercer flame the very fires of hell.
Which will the sculptor make? None can tell;
But if Christ his model be, he must carve well.



The Harp

Ed. Van Oss '34

Softly comes the wind to me
 Racing up among the trees,—
Nature playing on her harp
 Like a master at the keys.

First through pines the music comes
 Then through giant oaks it swells,
Lifting up my soul to God
 Where in ecstasy it dwells.

Oh, what joy always to have
 Music with such melody,
Such as played on Nature's harp
 When she softly plays for me.

AN UNREQUESTED SACRIFICE

Joseph A. Lenk '33

"Make good? You bet I will, Dad," mused Jack as he folded the letter and put it back in his pocket.

"Why so solemn, Jack?" The speaker was Hank Nash, captain of Yale's varsity eleven.

"Oh, I just received a letter from Dad, and he wants me to make good this year in football," cheerily explained Jack Wolf, son of the great timber king, John Wolf.

"Well, good luck to you, Jack. Personally I think you have all the requirements of a great football player."

"I wish you would not be so free with your compliments, Hank. Do you want me to be a great Art Shires?"

"No, but I know you will make a good second Savoldi," soberly remarked Hank.

"All right, soothsayer. See you out at practice tomorrow night," jocularly replied Jack.

"Sure, I'll be there," put in Hank as he departed.

The next day after practice Nash and Jack met as they were walking to the showers.

"Nice going, Jack. A few more practices like tonight and the coach will have to put you down as a regular full-back."

"Well, I'm trying hard to make regular full-back for that Harvard game. Just thirty years ago Dad played full-back against Harvard. He won that game for his Alma Mater by intercepting a Harvard pass and running fifty-five yards for Yale's lone touchdown. For the last twenty-five years he has not missed a game between these two teams. He says that they

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remind him of his good old school days, of his part in the games, and especially of that long run."

"Your Dad sure must have been some player, Jack, and I—"

"Wolf," interrupted the coach who had just walked up, "tomorrow I want you to work with Swartz on my assistant's team."

"All right, coach," replied Wolf meekly, not knowing what else to say.

"Why the sudden silence, Jack?" ventured Hank after the coach had gone.

"Oh, I'm trying to make out what he wants me to do."

"If I remember rightly the coach said something about punters and I mentioned you. Perhaps he is going to try you out."

"You should not have done that, Hank."

"Just a little favor to a friend, Jack," he replied.

That night Jack sat up for about half an hour, thinking over what had happened during the day. It was the first time the coach had shown him any special attention. Jack would leave matters in the hands of Fate.

The next day Jack was running across the field where Swartz was working his men when the coach motioned him to a group of punters in a far corner. For the rest of the afternoon he punted the ball, averaging from fifty to sixty yards. He seemed to have the art of kicking the ball with the required height and distance. That, however, was all the further Jack progressed. Some days he would play with the varsity, but those days were few. The rest of the time he played with the scrubs.

The night before the Princeton game the coach gave a long talk to the team, and ended by saying,

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"The following men shall report for suits." From a note book which he held in his hand he read the names of the men who were to take part in the game the next day. Jack listened to the list as it was read but failed to hear his name. Somewhat disheartened he left after the meeting accompanied by Nash.

"Don't take it too hard, Jack, it's just a tough break," remarked Hank as they walked over to their hall.

"I have been getting so many, I don't mind them anymore," returned Jack.

That night after Jack had retired he thought of home. What would his Dad say? He had failed! How about his brother, Jimmy? Good old Jim! Now he was captain of Indiana after playing three years. Suddenly Jack felt tears rolling down his cheeks. He was crying. He jumped out of bed, lit his private oil lamp and began to smoke. Smoking in the room was against the rules, but what did he care now for rules. After reading a short story he again retired. This time he fell asleep without thinking of home.

The next day Jack went to the dressing room to wish the boys good luck. He had just entered the locker-room when the coach called him aside and gave him a suit. Jack was told that Marks, first string full-back, had been taken to the hospital that morning, having developed a high fever over night.

It was the last quarter and Jack was still on the bench until the coach sent him into the game.

The ball was on Yale's five yard line, when a Yale man intercepted a Princeton pass on the one yard line. Jack was called back to punt for Yale. The ball arose from the end of his shoe in a high

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spiral and fell out of bounds fifty yards down the field. One minute to play with the ball in Princeton's possession and neither side had scored! The Princeton quarter-back called for a pass over center. Jack, who was playing about ten yards behind the line, saw the two ends cut in, and surmising the play, intercepted the pass, cut around right end and by sidestepping and squirming ran fifty yards for a touchdown. Pandemonium reigned in the stadium and his fellow team mates patted him on the back for the splendid run.

In the next games Jack played regular full-back. Carrying the ball like a demon, he smashed the line, made his punts good and passed with great speed and accuracy.

It was just three weeks before the Harvard game that Jack was suddenly called home. When his cab stopped in front of his home he noticed crape and a wreath of flowers hanging at the door.

"My God, who can it be!" Jack exclaimed in horror. Thrusting a bill into the driver's hand he ran into the house. There was a small light burning in the parlor room and its rays fell on the cold and silent features of his brother, Jim.

"Oh! Jimmy," Jack sobbed and fell to his knees, burying his face in his hands, as the tears rolled down from his eyes. He half muttered and half said a prayer.

"Take it easy, Jack." It was the consoling voice of his father. "Jim was killed in the Indiana-Iowa game. He was making interference, clipped his man too low, breaking his neck. He died instantly. Say a few words to your mother, Jack, who is sick in her room. And, brace up, boy."

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When Jack entered the bedroom of his mother a nurse was seated by her bed. The nurse motioned to him to come to her and be quiet, saying, "She is in a coma. Stay here, while I call the doctor."

After she had left the room Jack sat on a chair at the foot of his mother's bed. He heard a faint sobbing sound coming from the lips of his mother, and Jack made out these words: "Jackie, don't play football; please don't, you can if you want, but please don't, Jackie." That was all that Jack could comprehend. The nurse returned to the room but Jack did not tell her what had happened.

Three days later Jim was laid to rest in the earth under a white blanket of snow. As Jack stood at the edge of the grave and watched the casket slowly disappear from view he thought of the words of his mother, "Jack, don't play football," and of the great mental and physical suffering she was now undergoing.

One week later Jack returned to Yale. Before he left he said good-bye to his mother who by this time had pretty well recovered.

"Good-bye, Jack, and may God bless you," was all that she said.

When Jack had settled himself on the train he began to think over the happenings of the past weeks and especially of the words of his mother. She did not want him to play football, yet she did not say anything to him. A real sacrificing mother.

When Jack Wolf failed to report for practice the next day the coach made an inquiry. But Jack met the coach in his office and told him all.

"Jack, I want to congratulate you. You are a man, a real man," complimented the coach.

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"Thanks, Coach, I see that you understand," replied Jack.

Yale defeated Harvard but after the game Jack's father came to inquire about him.

"Jack, why did you not play? I thought you were a regular?" eagerly questioned his father.

"Yes, Dad I was till Jim—well—left us," and Jack went on to explain what happened in his mother's bedroom that day.

"Jack, I am proud of you!" exclaimed his father. "When you graduate in June I want you as my partner and you shall have half interest in the firm."



The Swimming Creek

Joseph Leon '33

Yon woodland creek whose lusty flow
No longer shall my sorrows know
Has quite forgot its tuneful song
While I have joined life's busy throng.

Its banks of golden sands are gone
Where cooling rills from early dawn
In tinkling music flowed all day
Inviting water fowls to play.

What daring plunges there I took
To find new joys in every nook!
From morn to eve I saw it flow
Through graceful willows bending low.

Now bear, that scene, for all is lost
In one most wanton holocaust
Of progress, which in ruthless pains
On Nature fastens iron chains.

Oh, could that site of youthful dreams
Return to what in mind it seems,
For surely then the clock of time
Would strike for me in youthful rime.

October's Rosary

P. Thomas

October winds are harping
On the strings of trees.
Joy is in the sunlight;
Joy is in the breeze.
That's why the leaves are dancing
In rainbow raiment clad.
That's why my soul is singing;
That's why my heart is glad.

October winds are sighing
And sing with sad refrain,
And falling leaves are telling
The grief of Mary's pain.
October winds make music,
Sweet, and sad and low;
October leaves with martyrs'
Blood-red colors glow.

I hear the winds now chanting
Triumphantly and strong;
October leaves are glorious
And deck the vales along
Where Mary walks in gladness
Ten thousand maids among,
In the green-gold vales of heaven,—
Her praise on every tongue.

TOKON THE FAITHFUL

Leon A. Ritter '33

At last the great day for Nome, the annual sweepstakes, arrived. All the hotels and inns of the city were filled with people from the neighboring towns who had turned out to see the annual classic. The snow was falling thickly and the day was very cold. The spectators, clad in their warm robes, gathered round the judge's stand, waiting for the start.

By virtue of the ballot Ned Taylor had received the first place. This meant that he had to blaze the trail for the rest, a job much abhorred by any sweepstake racer. Making, however, the best of his lot he pulled the fur parka over his head, put on his gloves and called for the team to mush. At this moment he saw coming toward him Kate Carey to wish him good luck. In spite of the fact that her father was pitted against Ned in the race, she and Ned were lovers. A hurried embrace, a quick word to Tokon and the 450 mile race was on.

Blinded by the driving snow, Ned was forced to let Tokon pick the trail. As he rounded a bend on a low cliff, his sled suddenly swerved aside, throwing him and his dogs off the trail into a large snowbank. Somewhat shaken up by the fall and apprehensive lest some of the dogs had been hurt, he rushed to them and began to straighten them out. As he was righting his sled two racers flew by. Tokon, aided by his master, could no longer hold himself back and at once started in pursuit. The miles melted in the trail behind, but he was not yet able to overcome his handicap.

After traveling about two hours, Ned realized

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that he must be nearing his first resting place, a cabin about eight-five miles from Nome. As darkness began to settle upon the desolate wastes of that Alaskan region noted for its appalling dangers lurking in the crevices and fissures of that ice land, Ned found to his utter astonishment that the two riders who had passed him on the trail were also resting at his cabin. When he opened the door he could discern the look of surprise on the faces of his rivals.

"Why, Ned!" exclaimed Mike Weller, driver for Jim Carey, "I thought that you had kept on going. How does it happen that you are behind?"

Ned explained how he had slipped over the bank and how he had heard both of them pass.

"That sure was tough," sarcastically remarked Joe West, another driver for Jim Carey.

After an hour or so of talking and smoking, Joe West went to his bunk where he soon fell asleep. In a few minutes Mike followed his example. Ned also retired but could not go to sleep for he was too tired and exhausted. After lying awake about an hour he saw Mike raise himself up in bed, look over toward Ned's bunk and then about the room to make sure that Tokon was asleep; for not only he, but most of the men in Nome were afraid of this "outlaw dog" as Tokon was called. Being sure that Tokon was asleep, he started for the telephone in the next room.

"Give me 1225 Nome, and hurry up. Hello! Who is this speaking? So, it's you, chief! Say, listen. Joe and I had been here about fifteen minutes when Ned popped in. Say wasn't I surprised. Why, I thought he had kept on going. But he's over there in his bunk, sleeping as sound as you

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please. What do you want me to do, chief? Wait till he leaves and break the trail for me, or shall I go on before he wakes up? What! I have to leave right now and break the trail for that low-down animal! Aw, have a heart, chief. Of course, I know I'm getting paid for this, but I don't like it a bit. Well, you're the boss."

With this Mike slammed down the receiver. "What the deuce does he think I am, breaking trail for a thing like that? But I'm bound to go, for them's the orders."

As soon as Mike had left the cabin Ned quickly arose and dressed.

"Won't old Joe feel surprised when he awakes to find the cabin empty," mused Ned as he started out in pursuit.

Once when he was on top of the ridges he saw Mike down below about fifteen minutes ride from him. Ned knew that he would be coming to Death Valley in a little while. From that place on to Candle was a distance of fifty miles. Candle was the half way mark from which the return journey was made.

Reaching it in due time, Ned took his six hours rest regardless of consequences. Just before retiring he got the lineup on the rest of the drivers. He learned that Mike had not stopped for rest but had started back at once for Nome. Ned wondered how he could do the impossible, and merely left instructions to be awakened after six hours.

Back in Nome in a saloon in Main Street a large group of the townspeople and strangers were discussing the race. They had been there the last two days.

"\$5,000 to \$2,500 that Tokon will quit on Ned before he passes Death Valley on the homeward

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stretch," shouted Jim Carey to a crowd of men standing around the bulletin board.

Good old Ike Cooper, housekeeper for Ned, stepped up and laid down the \$2,500. "Shucks, Tokon will be in the traces when Ned comes in. That dog's a go-getter."

At this moment the bar-tender wrote this announcement on the board:

"Mike Weller has started back from Candle. Ned Taylor, just arrived at Candle, has turned in for a six hour's rest."

Jim Carey burst into a loud guffaw. "Oh, boy! Ned hasn't a chance against Mike."

"Yes, but remember," said Ike, "Mike hasn't had but one short rest since he left Nome. Say, he can't keep up like this."

"You don't know Mike," cried Jim with a sneer.

"Just the same, watch out," Ike retorted.

Jim laughed all the more and was still laughing when Ike left for Kay's house.

"Say, Kay," questioned Ike, "is there anything wrong about that race? I bet my whole life's savings against your Dad. He says Tokon will quit on Ned before he gets to the pass."

"I'm afraid there is, Ike. I am almost scared to death for Ned's sake, and your doubts help only to strengthen my fears. I heard Dad call Brown's cabin on the phone and he gave some sort of instructions about laying a blanket filled with porcupine quills on the road near Death Valley. No doubt he means to have it cached there as soon as Mike passes by. That will mean that Ned will lose. Oh, I must warn him."

At once hurrying out to her father's kennels, she procured her favorite team. Ike did not try to

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stop her for he fully realized that she could handle a dog team as well as any strong man. Soon Kay was on her journey.

On and on she sped, never wearying as she covered the white miles. After traveling for five hours she saw a racer coming toward her; but it was not Ned. She drew her team to one side as Mike Weller passed by.

"My," she exclaimed, "I wonder if Ned looks that bad."

Mike surely did not look well for he had not shaved for four days; his cheeks were hollow, and his eyes sunken in from want of sleep.

"I must hurry," she frantically sobbed, as she urged her dogs on with the whip. "That blanket must be just around the bend and Ned may beat me to it."

As she rounded the bend, she discerned a black splotch moving in the distance across the snow. She knew it must be Ned and hurried on. Just then her leading dog and two others suddenly stopped, yelled, and began to pull quills out of their feet. Kay had won. She immediately ran to the blanket and jerked it off the trail.

When Ned came up, he stopped, but Kay tried to hurry him on. Ned, however, wanted to know what had happened.

"Never mind, I'll tell you when you get to Nome."

Five miles farther down the trail was a long narrow lagoon, just wide enough for one team only. Ned knew that he must reach it before Mike or have to take a circuitous route dangerous and full of treacherous crevices. It would mean a saving of several miles. Ned must pass Mike before his rival got there; otherwise Mike could take any speed he

wanted and make Ned stay behind. Mike had the same thought and though a good mile ahead, was racing his dogs at top speed.

"Mush, Tokon! We've got to catch up with them. Eat 'em up! Eat 'em up!"

Ned's weary dogs responded gallantly. Now Ned's six hours of rest came to his aid. His dogs though weary were not exhausted; Mike and his dogs evidently were. Yet with his lead the latter could scarcely lose. Both drivers realized that they were nearing the climax of that 450 mile race. Ned drew slowly nearer; the distance shortened, 75 feet, 50 feet, 25 feet.

"Come on, Tokon, ol' boy! We can do it. Just one more spurt." Tokon strained at the traces.

Mike, half out of his head, was cracking his exhausted team with the whip. Slowly it seemed, when so much was at stake, Tokon crept up; and for the last twenty feet fought Mike's snarling leader, then passed him triumphantly. He was first to reach the lagoon.

"Tokon, good old scout," gasped Ned as he wiped the cold sweat from his brow. He knew that now with his fresher team he could easily beat his rival. He looked around. Mike, with his spirit gone, had collapsed, face down on his sled. Knowing Kay would come to aid him, Ned hurried on. He had still a long way to go, and his greatest obstacle overcome, his strength seemed gradually to forsake him. Every muscle in his body jumped with pain, his head throbbed like pneumatic trip-hammers. Cold, pain, silence, stars overhead. He could dimly see furry backs bobbing along the trail. Ice-laden paws were leaving red stains in the snow. The dogs had slowed down again. Dana and Queen were trying

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to quit on him, but Tokon was straining and snarling against every obstacle. He was pulling not only the sled but several of the dogs. Ned's cracked lips tried to speak words of encouragement, but they would not part.

Far up the trail great bonfires were burning and men were seen running to and fro. Ned was passing them. They were running to him with sandwiches and steaming coffee, but Ned waved them away. He was nearing the Fort. Bang! bang! bang! the canons of the Fort were saluting the winner. Then the lights of Nome. Down the roped lane straight towards the judge's stand swung the victor and his faithful team. Tokon had won.



A Dream

Anthony J. Traser '34

I would sail the briny deep
And search for lands unknown,
To find a little rest and sleep,—
For once to be alone.

I should be content, you know
To live a life of ease,
To stay away from rain and snow
And revel in the breeze.

But this is not for me to keep;
My luck is not that way.
I'm only talking in my sleep,—
That's all there is to say.

THE BATTLE OF THE FLOWERS

Valerian J. Volin '34

Strange as it may seem, I did not strike up a speaking acquaintance with a cow until I was in the October of my teens, and had always labored under the misapprehension that beyond giving milk, leather and soup meat, the cow was no more useful than a model T Ford. The ideals of one age are not the ideals of another. Through environment, experience and learning our beliefs of yesterday are exchanged for those of tomorrow. My illusions regarding the bovine species were due for a radical change. This happened under such eventful circumstances, that although I did not find them so hilarious at the time, they now afford me great pleasure.

My father decided to move into a suburb. The city with its smoke, noise and traffic was unsafe for the children. My mother who was passionately in love with flowers, would be able to devote all her leisure to raising these gems of nature in the clear healthy air. So without much ado we moved out to the suburb. It was a brand new one,—one of those that sprang up every week in the “good old days” of prosperity, before the “depression” had thrown a wrench into the Republican machine.

The premises of our new home bordered on a farm that was not yet parcelled for gain. Due to the tireless labors of my mother flowers soon began to grow, and everything seemed as if we should lead a quiet and peaceful life. However, “Man proposes and God disposes,” and the pyrotechnics were soon to start.

For those whose knowledge of the cow family

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is limited, perhaps the following will be enlightening. To compare the temperament of a cow with that of an actress would be to affront the former. Old Bossie, nevertheless, is a creature of strange moods and fancies. She will eat anything that does not belong to her, and she is known to leave a square meal of hay in order to consume a shirt on a fence, plus the buttons, merely to fill her old hide at the expense of somebody else. Before a cow becomes a cow it is known as a calf. In its earliest youth the calf is not only noted for its long legs, but also for its angelic expression. From the calf stage it is graduated into the heifer class, supposed to be one of the most stupid classes in all the world; it then becomes a full fledged cow, one of the intelligentsia of the animal world.

It was on a moonlight evening when our neighbor's cows made their first bow, dangerously close to our property. My mother seeing them began to be apprehensive, (woman's intuition, no doubt) fearing that the cows, without consulting Emily Post, would perhaps go beyond a mere bowing acquaintance. She was assured that the cows would do no damage; the little fence,—it was not a strong one, would keep them out. Nevertheless, we decided to watch. The secret of prophecy is very simple; all you have to do is to find out what is going to happen and then prophesy that. If we had only known that it was wrong to let that cow which separated herself from the others, to come to the fence, there would have been no bloodshed. Alas, nothing hindered her except the fence and that only for a few minutes.

The cow took a long survey of the lawn. There

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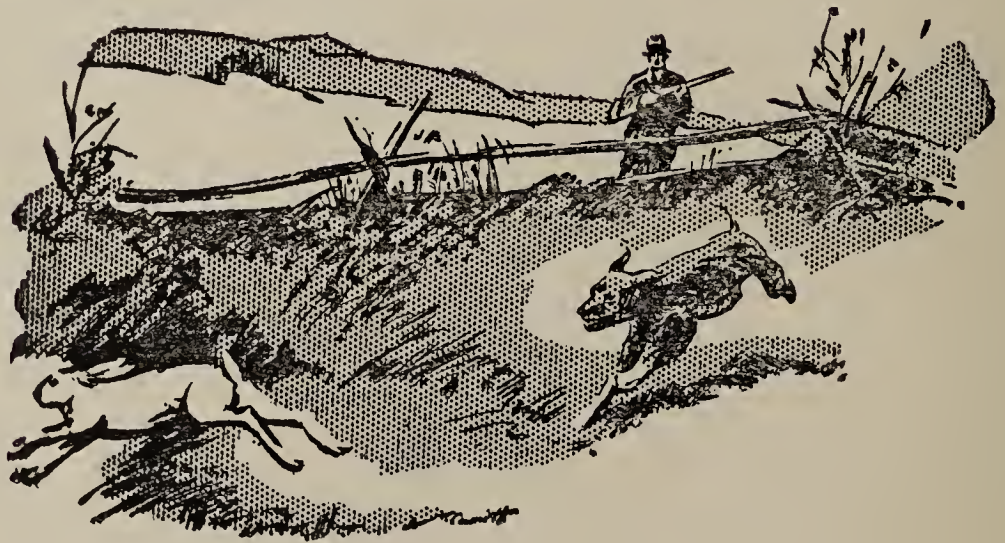
was a surprised look on her face; here was a tailor-made Utopia filled with nectar and ready for occupancy. But how did it come into being? A theme of music may be so baffling, so awesome, so wonderful, that a scholar has much difficulty in explaining it. This problem now confronted the baffled cow. Unlike the evolutionists she refused to formulate a new theory. It was not her business to speculate on the origin of the beautiful flowers. They were in existence and a go-getter gets them. By this time three of her boon companions came up and they all got into a huddle. First they looked at the weak fence and then at the flowers. Having satisfied themselves that the flowers were edible they went through the fence to the attack.

This was too much for my mother. Seeing her beautiful gems swallowed up by the cows and months of labor gone to naught she was in tears. What man, I ask you, can stand a woman's tears? My father grabbed a double barreled shotgun, loaded it and with a determined look on his face went out of the house. Things began to happen. He pulled the trigger, missed the cows and sent a pocketful of slugs into the new furniture in the living room, and it took him exactly two minutes to extricate himself from a couple of thorn bushes into which the gun had kicked him. My father made a second attack. This being of no avail he broke the gun over Bossy's back, grabbed her caudal appendage, and for a moment I thought the poor cow would be as luckless as Tam O'Shanter's mare. Finally, my mother, seeing the excited cows run back and forth over the lawn about a dozen times, made an attack with a garden fork. Fortunately, the farmer came

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for his cows and ended the great battle of the flowers.

Romeo, hopelessly in love with Juliet, gave vent to his emotions by exclaiming: "Oh, teach me how I should forget to think." When my parents gazed over the lawn they undoubtedly felt a similar conflict of emotions. An entire summer's work had been destroyed in no time, and my father, besides ruining a pair of ten dollar trousers, damaged the new furniture so badly that it could be used only for kindling wood. The farmer, however, recompensed us. He killed old Bossy that started the trouble. Her days of usefulness were over, and the farmer with kind regards sent us half the cow. We found her meat tough indeed, but we did the best we could; we ate the tough meat and built a new garden.



DE VITA WASHINGTON

Donald Foohey '35

Georgius Washington, pater libertatis Americanae amanter appellatus, anno millesimo septingentesimo tricesimo secundo, mense secundo, die vicesimo secundo, nobili genere natus est. Puerum doctum vel scientiae peritum se non ostendit, sed a teneris unquibus usque in senectutem rem militarem magni aestimavit. Adhuc juvenis nauta esse voluit; matre autem uti fertur invita ejus voluntati se subdidit remque deseruit. Ludis puer delectabatur: summa alacritate equitabat, venatum magnopere diligebat.

Haec fabula de veracitate ejus saepius-etsi inconsulte—narratur: Pater cerasum pulchram habuit quae prae omnibus aliis arboribus existimata est praestantissima. Securi nova accepta, Georgius parvus noster adhibendi cupidus teneram arborem desecuit. Quod cum fecisset, rogatus quis istam periciem fecisset se malefactorem statim confessus est. Multa facta huic consimilia fecisse dicitur, quae non est satis temporis ac spatii hic enumerare.

Natus ad viginti annos, cum et ipse ad artem mathematicam tenderet et commercium eo tempore maxime floreret, mensor factus est, quam rem per triennium navavit, laborando intra fines coloniae Virginiae.

Cum autem in bona omnium aestimatione altius gradatim ascendisset, munus in exercitu a praefecto Virginiae sibi oblatum laetus iniit. Eo quod jampridem rei militaris peritus erat, hoc negotium ei maxime idoneum fuit, isque ab ordine ad ordinem constanter progrediebatur. Quam ob rem cum omni tempore se fiducia dignum ostendisset, bello cum Britannis incepto opinione omnium concivium optimus Britannis incepto opinione omnium concivium optimus

dux habitus est et dignus qui omnibus copiis Americanis praeficeretur.

Quo munere accepto exercitum nimis exiguum atque sine ulla disciplina invenit; summo tamen labore in alium et praestantem exercitum convertit. Quamquam agmini numeris multo inferiori praefuit, tamen peritas hostium vires hac quasi parva manu militum vincendum erat. Quod magna sua apud milites auctoritate et sua ipsius virtute perfecit.

Nonnulla exempla virtutis hujus nobilis viri memoria nobis traduntur. Quodam tempore media hieme, glacie prohibente flumen Delaware in Trentonensem urbem transiit, quo loco hostes festum Christi nati celebrabant. Hos inopinatos et vino multum impeditos adortus est Washington; et cum nihil certaminis sibi offerretur, facile victoriam reportavit. Aliud et accessit exemplum. Res pecuniaria atque commeatus exercitui deficere coeperunt. Hieme inita Washington in hiberna "Valley Forge" nomine suos reducere coactus est. Dum hic manent, etiam cibus et vestimenta defuerunt, atque multi morbo et frigore confecti in diem novissimum venerunt. Suos tamen quotidie exhortans una cum iis omnia incommoda passus est, sicque spem restituit atque fiduciam suorum nactus est. Proximo vere Americani de novo proelium redintegrantes vires hostium tanta vi oppugnaverunt ut eorum animo corrupto, ducibus hostium paucis post mensibus in deditionem acceptis illa patriae libertas tam fortiter quaesita tandem bono successu comparata sit. Qua de causa Washington "In bello primus" appellatus est.

Bello finito principes novae reipublicae constituerunt caput nationis eligere, quem titulo Praesidentis vocari voluerunt. Ad id munus Georgius Washington summus in veneratione totius populi ut

patriam dirigeret una voce nominatus est. Ad officium Praesidentis bis electus est: immo si voluisset tertia vice nominatus esset. Modestus tamen recusavit, cum in senectutem jam progrediretur et domi suae pace ac quiete frui vellet.

Antequam vero officium suum deposuit, populum monuit ut firmum inter se foedus facerent atque servarent ne aupd ceteras gentes bonum nomen amitterent. Insuper strenue duces patriae cohortatus est ne unquam in re politica aut militari cum gentibus Europae commiscerent. Quod consilium si Americani semper fideliter secuti essent, vix ullo tempore in periculum novi belli iniissent. Propterea quod adeo pacem amavit, "In pace primus" adhuc vocatur.

Novissimis vitae diebus in praeclara villa, Monte Vernon, juxta flumen Potomac inter cognatos et proximos in pace et felicitate vixit. Tamen senex permultorum annorum cum omnes cives decessum ejus multis lacrimis flebant, Pater Patriae morti obviam venit. Corpus Georgii Washington in Monte Vernon sepultum est, ubi nostris adhuc diebus a millibus quotannis veneratur. Non est dubium quin sit et "In cordibus concivium primus."

Totus orbis terrarum morte Washington profunde motus atque summo moerore affectus est quoniam unum e praestantissimis viris amiserat. Quod autem libertatem atque aequalitatem inter nationes nobis reliquit multum gaudemus. Laetis igitur animis ducentessimum natalis anniversarium celebravimus ad memoriam ejus, quem homines post multa saecula nunquam obliti erunt.

Washington uxorem quidem duxerat, sed sine prole mortuus est; totam vitam pro salute concivium devoverat. Quam ob causam de illo merito dicere licet: "Deus eum orbem fecit ut patriae pater esset."

The St. Joseph's Collegian

October 15, 1932

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Charter Member



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EDITORIALS



TURN ABOUT IS FAIR PLAY

At present it is almost impossible to sponsor any venture in which capital is involved whether it concerns business, labor or athletics. There is always that black pall of depression dampening the courage and spirit of the public. Financiers of today will not invest for fear of being the losers. Merchants have ceased to purchase new stock in large quantities lest it will remain a white elephant on their hands. In one instance, however, they have not restrained themselves. It is understood that unless they advertise their wares, the public will not come to their doors. Naturally they will only place their ads where the greatest net profit will be derived.

The publication of "The Collegian" depends primarily upon its advertisers. Without the help of advertisers it would be foolhardy to attempt the publication of a magazine of the size of our local journal. Year by year, however, we have had the good fortune to be financed by many Rensselaer merchants, doctors and lawyers. Some of these have drawn trade from the St. Joe boys, but a goodly number give their aid merely as a bit of generosity.

Of course difficulties are involved in obtaining an ad. Prospects truthfully claim that their estab-

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lishments are slighted by students in favor of those who do not advertise in the school journal. It has likewise been mentioned by certain persons, who will not advertise in "The Collegian" that the patronage of the students will be theirs despite their refusal to carry an ad. It may appear ridiculous to patronize these establishments only which advertise in the school magazine, yet it is practically the only means by which we can possibly please our present advertisers and secure the favor of new ones.

To this end it is necessary that St. Joe students should patronize those places which in turn support "The St. Joseph's Collegian."

M. J. V.

REQUIRED DISPOSITION

There was beyond doubt much surprise in store for many children when schools opened for the fall term to find that the old haunts of previous years did not welcome them. Hard times kept the bolts fastened on many a school door throughout the land. What children found in this respect, students of many secondary schools encountered equally as well. That a condition of this kind should ever come to prevail is not only surprising—it is startling..

In the face of this situation, it is all possible that what is known as the "self-made" man may be in order again. This individual is the product of extreme sacrifice. He felt the urge of creative impulse, and it made no difference to him if the demands of that impulse were to be satisfied in the rooms of a palatial school or in the attic of a most uninviting shanty; he followed the urge that drove

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him on, made a man of himself and more than that, made the world his debtor.

For those among us who are looking for an education and find the doors of our old schools open even during these hard times, the sacrifices belonging to the "self-made" man may not be in order. But what will be in order is a disposition to make the best of the opportunities that are at our disposal and to meet earnestly the comparatively small sacrifices that the gaining of an education entails. Should we not stand before the world as most ungrateful in these distressing times if we were to waste our time and opportunities? Truly, the "self-made" man makes the world his debtor, but the fellow who is to be made a man at the expense and by the labor of others—and fails—makes himself a liability to the world.

H. P. K.



A Proposition

Raymond Leonard '33

The multitude of "Rolands Mad" today
Are much like those in Ariosto's song,
For whose malfeasant deeds, the Moon is blamed;
As that proud queen of night finds her delight
In drawing common sense from heads of men
And storing it in jars well out of ken.

Such is the fate of men in politics
That causes them to make fool laws and rules;
Until their number earth cannot contain,
As couched in bill on bill these are set forth
To make poor man quite dizzy with his lot,
Till he, too, yields his sense to lunar pot.

Hence all the world is mad; 'tis sad to say,
And will stay such until some Astolf proud
Will bridle Pegasus and steer his course
Right to the Moon, and there with knightly force
Will seize those jars and drag them back to earth
Where common sense has greatly suffered dearth.

'Tis then that wets and drys may well regain
That common sense which both have sorely lost,
When to their nostrils deft those jars are held
From which the fumes may rise into their skulls,
And there fill up the space once held by sense;
In which hard times will find their recompense.



Inasmuch as the Collegian is not accustomed to review its exchanges in the first issue, it is difficult for the Exchange Editor to say much that is to the purpose. The one point that he wishes to emphasize, however, is that he plans to hold to the methods of his predecessor in commenting on and criticising exchanges to the best of his ability.

That the perusal of school journals ought to be a pleasure for all students arises from the desire that students commonly have to communicate the ideas which they have picked up in the various schools where they are in attendance. In this way there is occasion to secure a great deal of mutual help in the rather arduous task of producing the required amount of written work for the ensuing school year. Various styles of writing, different fields from which information is drawn, and the most practical ways of bringing out a journal may well be noted by giving attention to the variety of methods used by exchanges.

Furthermore, it is interesting to observe budding authors in their attempts to imitate recognized guides in writing. Thackeray, Dickens, De Quincy, and Shelley will surely not be overlooked. Others however, who are more in line with modern ways of writing and thinking, such as Belloc, Repplier, and Benchley must receive due recognition. Yet it will

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not matter much who is chosen as a guide by a contributor to a school journal, if only the language will be pleasing, the form correct, and the matter interesting, all will then be made easy for any Exchange Editor to carry out his work of commenting and criticising handsomely.



THE RAVEN

An Epic of the American Frontier

By Marquis James

When one recalls what biographies meant before the advent of Strachey, Maurois, Ludwig, Nicolson, Guedalla, and Bradford and reads an invigorating romance such as "The Raven," he will I believe breathe a prayer of gratitude for the new biography. Marquis James has taken the story of Sam Houston, completely assimilated it, and restored the fire of romance which has seeped from it during its buffetings in American history, and has produced an epic of the American frontier.

There is much of the heroic, something of the majestic, and a deal of the tragic in the story of Sam Houston. From birth he was a dreamer, a mystic, half a sage, half a poet. In spite of environment, position, or slander, Sam Houston was the "most spectacular figure of the spectacular era." His handsome face and figure (the despair of a nation of women), his forceful personality, shrewd humor, and gallantry made an indelible impression

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on all who saw him. For seventy tremendous, vital years he relentlessly drove himself; he rose from the depths to the dizzyest heights and then sank back into the abyss in whirlwind succession. For forty years he held the focus of the national spotlight as it has seldom ever been held. Woven into the skein of this powerful tale are the threads of a tragic love story, the mysterious culmination of which drove Houston from the gubernatorial chair of Tennessee, back to the wilderness and the arms of his boyhood Indian sweetheart, and left him a cynical outcast, a man without a country.

That Marquis James has developed his theme with true artistic appreciation is emphatically testified to by the award of the Pulitzer prize. First and last the book is enjoyable. The author's style is well suited to his subject. He possesses a unique, delightful sense of humor, that is a thing of joy. Unlike the distinguished Mr. Ludwig, James appears willing to adapt himself to his theme and material. In his work and style he has embodied the quaintness, depth of emotion, and apparent laxity of morals of the great Southwest at the period of its molding. In further connection with his style, his sentence structure is of extreme interest. To me it seems to be just about the happy medium between the ponderous structures advocated by the Victorians, and the new staccatic structure which has lately come into vogue, and which gives one the sensation of being under heavy machine gun fire.

Mr. James is no hero worshipper. His perspective is, I think, fundamentally sound and his sense of values accurate. Furthermore he has the courage of his convictions. Consequently there is (with

apologies to Agnes Repplier), no danger of any one calling his spades "damn shovels." Not to establish a false impression, however, while one reads the book there are audible no regular smashing and breaking sounds, as when one is pursuing any of the biographies of that iconoclastic gentleman, Lytton Strachey.

Practically the only feature of the book which did not particularly appeal to me was the arrangement of material. This difficulty may have resulted from its very abundance or from the necessity of tracing underlying political trends. On the other hand the explanation may be more academic, the author possibly being an advocate of Gamaliel Bradford's "Psychography," which through its complete disregard of chronology often leads to confusion.

Although it is possible I may be a trifle over enthusiastic, having just recently read the book, still judging from the almost universal scale on which it has been acclaimed as well as from my own individual impressions, I venture the opinion that "The Raven" could very easily become one of the leading examples of American biography.

A. H.

My Memories of Eighty Years

By Chauncey M. Depew

Shortly before his death Chauncey Depew, one of America's most famous statesmen, thought that a book of reminiscences covering eighty years of his life would be of interest to many of his friends.

The greater part of the book is devoted to his acquaintance with the presidents of the United States, including all from Abraham Lincoln to Warren G.

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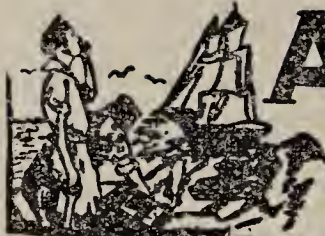
Harding. He gives a discerning characterization of most of them and also of many leading politicians of his time by narrating events that took place at national conventions and during his political tours. Other sections of the book tell of his affiliations with the New York Central Railroad, of his adventures abroad, of facts concerning prominent speakers, journalists, actors, men of letters and of his relations with society in general.

What interested me most was the account of his visits abroad. Being a man of social prominence he was invited to the innermost sanctuaries of European society and met many of the great men of the world: poets, lords and ladies, politicians of pretension, many statesmen, churchmen, and scholars. Although not a Catholic he obtained a private audience with Pope Leo XIII, by whom he was treated rather as an ambassador than an ordinary person seeking the Holy Father's blessing.

Chauncey Depew received a warm welcome wherever he went. His anecdotes, his genial humor and scintillating wit always won for him an unusual popularity whether he was the center of an intimate circle or the object of public regard. He enjoyed this popularity. When at the age of eighty four he addressed the Republican National Convention he felt very and sincerely proud when the convention offered him an encomium on his speech.

As Mr. Depew was known as a pleasing speaker I expected to find his style ornately oratorical, but instead I found it quite simple. This book will appeal to those especially who are interested in politics and public events because it pictures very effectively the power of political leaders and the intricacies of party machinery.

J. L. A.



ALUMNI NOTES

When again the college welcomes back her students, the alumni recall their school days with pleasure. Yet in the midst of pleasant thoughts memory reviews the sad hours of searching for friends who have been graduated, friends who have been called to do other tasks. It is then that the alumni thank their Alma Mater for establishing the Alumni Association, one that keeps college friendships in a permanent bond of unity.

The graduates of '32 have left the scholastic walks of Collegeville to enter the broader road of life. While we miss the new alumni we realize that they, like their predecessors, have taken that broad way that leads to success.

It will be of interest to the alumni to hear that Charles Maloney of last year's class is to pursue his studies this fall at the American College, Rome. We wish him success for we know that Charles' Alma Mater will share in her son's future accomplishments.

The names of Robert Nieset and Herman Schnurr will be found among those who enrolled this fall at the Catholic University, Washington. Bob will be remembered as the man who by his fiery oratory made such a name for himself while attending St. Joseph's. Deac, as critic of the Columbian Literary Society, did much to encourage interest in that and other societies.

Our former energetic business manager of "The Collegian," Harry Connelly will be the lone repre-

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sentative of his school at St. Charles Seminary, Columbus, Ohio. We shall miss Harry's ever beaming smile, but we are sure it will win him many friends at the seminary.

The pleasant surroundings of St. Meinrad's have attracted some of our last year's prominent graduates. Lawrence Gollner, Bernard Hartlage, Ignatius Vichuras, Robert Zahn, and the well known man of the campus, former manager Gilbert Wirtz, have taken up their study of philosophy at the Indiana institution.

St. Gregory's has among its students this year such popular members of the C. L. S. dramatic circle as Fred Cardinali, William Coleman and James Conroy. Lawrence Ernst, the competent editor of last year's COLLEGIAN, Timothy Downey, Vincent Kreinbrink, Leo Lemkuhl, Alfred Mayer, Kenneth Moore, and Carmen Nardecchia are other outstanding graduates attending the noted seminary.

Word has come to us that those of the class of '32 who are at St. Charles Seminary have already become accustomed to their new surroundings and are now deeply engrossed in philosophy. We feel certain that they will continue to like their Ohio home and perhaps become as attached to it as to St. Joseph's. We hope they will occasionally drop us a line, informing us how they are faring at Carthagen.

William "Bill" Egolf '33 is now holding a position as night clerk in one of Paducah's large hotels. Having been a leading member of his class, Bill is particularly missed this year. Bill, the Class of '33 wishes you the best of luck and requests an occasional bit of your enjoyable "loquacity."

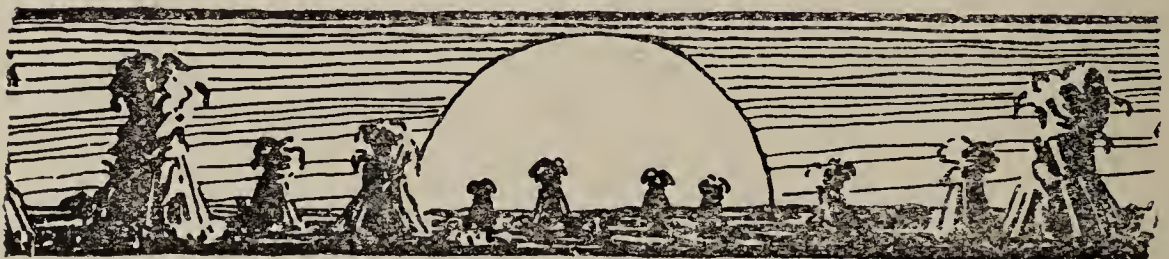
Anthony "Rip" Vorst of '31 is pursuing his

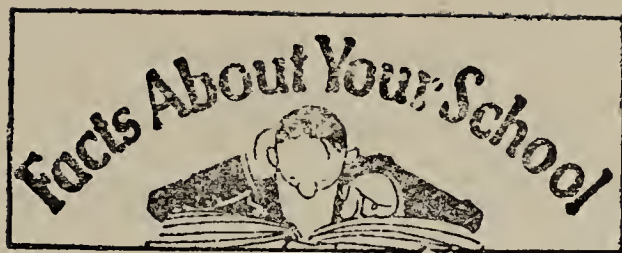
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studies in philosophy at St. Vincent Seminary, in Latrobe, Pennsylvania. THE COLLEGIAN staff is glad to hear from him, and we wish him the best of luck.

"Best wishes for success in this year's COLLEGIAN" J. W. Baechle, a staff member of '29 and '30, expresses this wish along with his check for a subscription to the COLLEGIAN. The best we have will be at his disposal with every issue that we send out. Johnny is well remembered as the hustling and efficient manager of the College Photo Company, while he was at St. Joe's.

Alumni, be sure to address your correspondence to the Alumni Editor, St. Joseph's College. Your Alma Mater is anxious to know about you; your old classmates and friends read this column; they are interested in you. Don't forget. Just a few lines from an alumnus will be greatly appreciated.





SUMMER VACATION

While the outside world was whirling itself dizzy over economic problems, baseball pennants, the Democratic convention and the Olympic games, St. Joseph's College was quietly solving its own problems in its own way. Shrubs were being planted, study halls and dormitories painted, students were coming and going on vacation, seniors leaving and Brunnerdale juniors arriving. And all this was combined with the fine co-operation of the students and faculty to make this last summer the most pleasant ever spent at St. Joseph's College.

IMPROVEMENTS

Among the many recent improvements on the local grounds, the firm and imposing gateway at the entrance of the college driveway may be considered the most important. This imposing structure was built by the mason gang under the supervision of Mr. Parsinger, the architect of the Lourdes Grotto, built in the summer of 1931. The local florists deserve a few laurels in recognition of the artistic design of the flower plots beneath the gate towers. In complement to the new gateway the name, "St. Joseph's College" now appears in neat whitewashed stones along the state highway opposite the entrance. Praise for this piece of decorative art is due to Clarence Schuerman, '32.

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A LITTLE SPICE

During the summer diversional recreation was not the least bit scanty. Baseball games, tennis tournaments and swimming were part of the usual program. Then there were the added attractions of free days, dramatical and musical entertainments and various social and literary activities.

On the night of August 15, under the direction of Father Gilbert Esser, the present seniors staged in honor of the graduating class the three act play, "More Sinned Against Than Sinning." Quaint English humor and its fine interpretation by the cast caused the play to be warmly received.

The following evening the Class of '33 were the hosts at a banquet in the Raleigh Smoking Club. Attending were the members of the Faculty, the Class of '33 and the guests of honor—the graduating seniors. The banquet was most successful: formal enough to make it real, and informal enough to make it thoroughly enjoyable.

SCHOOL OPENS

On September 12, Registration Day, classes were assigned after the customary Solemn High Mass. The usual free half day that falls on Wednesday was transferred to Tuesday. The students studying at St. Joseph's this year number two hundred and fifty-nine. The courses offered to the students this year are varied and extensive, reaching into the fields of literature, science, mathematics and music, and comprising pre-medical as well as other courses leading to the various professions.

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NEW FACULTY MEMBERS

Three new members have been added to our already distinguished faculty for the coming year. Father Falter, C. P.P. S., M. A. has been transferred here from Brunnerdale where he was teaching last year. He specializes in languages. Mr. Raymond De Cook, B. Sc. has been appointed athletic coach and instructor of physical education. He comes to us from the University of Notre Dame where he made a name for himself in basketball. Another Notre Dame man, Mr. Thomas P. Gaynor, M. A. has been secured as professor of college English and assistant Faculty Director to Father Koester of THE COLLEGIAN. Under the fresh and inspiring vigor of these new members of the faculty, and the experience of the old, this should be St. Joseph's biggest year both scholastically and athletically.

HIGH HONORS

In an issue of last year's COLLEGIAN it was announced through this department that the COLLEGIAN had received first rating among college journals by the National Scholastic Press Association. During the summer the Catholic School Press Association also informed the magazine they had conferred upon it the "All Catholic" honor for the scholastic year of 1931-'32. These two honors are high and enviable and set a noble aim for this year's staff. As this issue goes to press it is the high resolve of every member of the staff to make the magazine this year the best St. Joseph's has ever put forth.

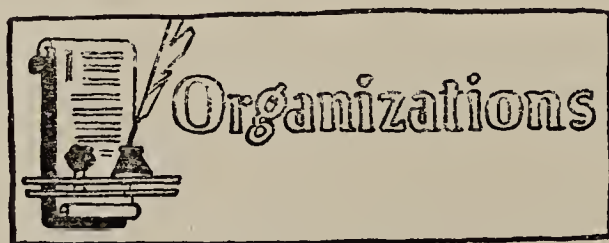


On the 15th of August, Brother Ferdinand Zink, C. PP. S. celebrated the golden jubilee of his profession in the community of the Precious Blood. THE COLLEGIAN extends hearty congratulations.

Father Sylvester Hartman, C. PP. S., Brother Cornelius Spaeth, C. PP. S. and Mr. Peter Heimas spent the summer in Europe visiting friends and relatives. Mr. Heimas gave a very interesting account of his trip to the Knights of Columbus assembled at the Rensselaer club house on his return.

Mr. George Pfanner, formerly attached to the farm, died in Germany of appendicitis a few days after his arrival there. Our sincere sympathy goes out to his bereaved relatives.

On August 18 the Raleigh Club Quartet, consisting of Fritz Cardinali, John Byrne, Jim Conroy, and Leonard Fullenkamp sang over the air from station WOWO, Fort Wayne, Indiana.



Good feeling and co-operation are essentials that must be realized before any group of men can even hope to attain the first degree of success. This is clearly defined in the words of "Honest Abe": "A

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nation divided against itself cannot stand". Various organizations employ different methods in effecting this friendship. Co-operation and mutual feeling are introduced into the army by strict discipline. Universities make use of sports and various societies as a means to this end. The primary weapon, however, employed here at St. Joseph's in creating this desired effect, generally known as "school spirit", is the clubs.

Among our societies the Raleigh Smoking Club is considered to be well adapted for this purpose. This organization was established in order to afford the students a place to enjoy themselves and smoke their pipes in peace during their free periods. For as Thackeray says: "The pipe draws wisdom from the lips of the philosopher and shuts up the mouth of the foolish."

The Columbian Literary Society and the Newman Club, undoubtedly of more intellectual benefit, likewise instill good feeling and spirit. For the successful presentation of a public performance puts zest for co-operation into the members that is scarcely attainable by any other activity.

The Dwenger Mission Unit also does its share in producing ESPRIT DE CORE since its primary purpose is neither pleasure, nor education in the strict sense, but to aid our missionaries both at home and abroad. In view of such a purpose, nurtured by the quality of the students we have here, failure is inconceivable.

DWENGER MISSION UNIT

The hum that pervaded Alumni Hall, caused by approximately a hundred and fifty voices, was suddenly quieted when the gavel, wielded by Michael

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Vichuras, chairman pro-tem, called the meeting to order on Saturday evening, September 24. After the ordinary business of the day was dispatched the all important business of the election of new officers followed. Remarkable interest and enthusiasm was displayed throughout the entire election.

Many and interesting were the biographical addresses delivered by those who were insistent on placing the name of their man on the ballot. A few members who proved over zealous in electing their man acted contrary to parliamentary procedure, but a word from the Reverend Director placed them again on the right path. When the results of the contest were tabulated, men of undoubted capability were selected. Michael Vichuras was elected president; Aloys Selhorst, vice-president; Edward Hession, secretary; William McKune, treasurer; and Joseph Lenk, librarian.

The Dwengerites have lofty ideals, which with continued zeal will certainly be realized.

THE COLUMBIAN LITERARY SOCIETY

The main business of the initial meeting held September eighteenth by the Columbian Literary Society was the election of officers. After a few campaign speeches and much political struggle for supremacy the following were the fortunate men. For president, the gavel was thrust into the hands of Joseph O'Leary; Joseph Lenk was elected vice-president; Thomas Danehy, secretary; Victor Boarman, treasurer; and Stanislaus Manoski, critic. James Pike, Walter Steiger, and Urban Wurm were elected to comprise the executive committee. By appointment of the Rev. Moderator, Kenneth Hurlow receiv-

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ed the position of marshal. There is no doubt that the chain which has bound the society together for the past two decades will be strengthened this year under the leadership of these reliable men.

It was announced that "Now Adolph," a comedy in two acts will be presented October twelfth.

RALEIGH SMOKING CLUB

Expressions of surprise and delight were fixed on the faces of all the veteran members of the local Raleigh Club as they entered their old haunt for the first time since last June. With hearty approval they viewed the changes that were made in the apartment of the Club during the long summer days. One change, however, belonging to the management of the Club was more than a mere surprise. No one had even remotely surmised that Father R. Landoll, the moderator of the Club, was to be assigned to other fields of labor. During his moderatorship, he gave repeated evidence that his heart and soul were with the members of the Club. To make surroundings commodious and attractive was Father Landoll's chief idea. To this fact the well furnished smoking room bears ample witness. The members of the Raleigh Club regret his absence and extend to him best wishes for the greatest success in all his future undertakings.

To relieve the regret in large measure caused by the removal of Father Landoll, one whose personality is in every respect likeable, Father J. Schon, was appointed to the moderatorship of the R. S. C. In his opening address, Father Schon stressed the points of co-operation and respect for the work of the officers and in the observance of the rules. New

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officers were selected from among those students whose past conduct shows that they are likely to be capable and energetic leaders. Hence it is that Mr. Walter Steiger now wields the ponderous gavel and in this capacity has as his assistants Mr. Henry Balster and Mr. Valerian Volin.

At the close of the business meeting, Mr. Val Volin with the Raleigh Orchestra entertained with a well selected musical program.

Rooky days are here again! With eager anticipation the old members of the Club are awaiting the day and hour for initiating the rookies. To carry out this particular program such highly experienced and able men as Joe Lenk, Urban Wurm, Joe O'Leary, and Stanly Manoski have been appointed. As the days of probation are lengthening out in fear and gloom for the rookies, the members of the Club are seeking to encourage them with the old Roman adage, "Tempus Fugit". Never mind, rookies, the day when you will smoke the best tobacco that money can buy, will soon be here.

With the renewal of the same spirit shown in former years, the Raleigh members are looking forward to many delightful hours in the club room. All such changes as are deemed expedient for progress will quickly be made.





COACH DECOOK OPENS FOOTBALL SEASON

With Raymond DeCook, former Notre Dame basket ball star, as coach, the football activities at St. Joe's got under way with more than sixty candidates answering the call. The first two weeks were spent in learning fundamentals in punting, passing, line formation, blocking, and tackling. The inter-mural league of previous years will be continued with a possibility of two or more interscholastic games towards the end of the season. "The playing of the interscholastic games will depend upon the hard work in practice which the candidate must display," Coach DeCook remarked.

The presence of Coach DeCook will place an entirely new aspect on future football and other sports in this vicinity. The coach stated that he hoped to work more with the candidates who were not Seniors this year, since he desires to develop his material for next year, when he hopes to place St. Joe's on a regular schedule.

The inter-class football league will be composed of four teams: the Sixths, Fifths, Fourths, and a team comprising the First, Second, and Third years.

Joe O'Leary proves to be an outstanding football leader. Joe will lead the Senior squad, together with such veterans as Danehy, Wurm, Lenk, Vichuras, Selhorst, Fullenkamp, Frye, and others. The absence of Donald Besanceney, manager, last year will place upon O'Leary, an added burden because the position

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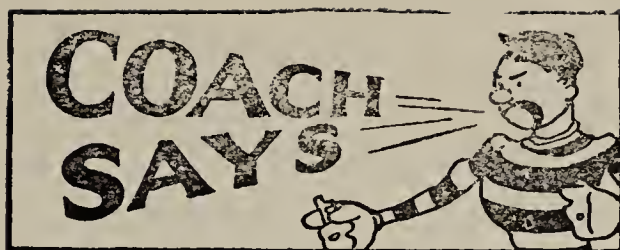
of full back, made vacant by "Buzz" will have to be replaced. The other absentees of the Senior team will be Dwyer, Egolf, and Zeigler.

As for the Fifths, it may be said, that out of a class of about eighty a team of championship caliber should be realized. They will be handicapped by the losses of their all-star half back, "Pank" Elder, and their fighting center, "Tink" Forsee. The manager of the Fifths for the coming season will be Dominic Altieri, a verteran end. Among the outstanding men will be found Rastetter, Schiedler, Horrigan, De Cocker, Pallone, Conces, and Fontana.

The Fourths, under the able managership of Joe Leutermann, are out this year to make their bid for the league title with plenty of surplus power. Last year the fans were somewhat surprised at their ability; this year the Fourths intend to give proof of their strength. With almost the same backfield, consisting of "Red" Lammers, Steinhauser, and Masanz, together with a fighting front wall composed of Leuterman, Wolf, Wheatley, Kostka, and Spegel, the Fourths will give the other teams plenty of competition.

Although comprised of new material, the Thirds are rated as a hard team to beat. As yet they have not weathered any senior-league competition, but Murshan, Foos, and White expect to lead the Thirds to a victory, sooner or later. Well, good luck to you, Thirds!





"The basketball season," states Coach DeCook, "will begin the latter part of October. I am going to have all the fellows who wish to turn out for the team to come out and do their best. The entire group will practice daily, and there will be cuts from time to time until about twenty-five or thirty remain. With these I hope to make a winning combination. I likewise wish to say that all those on the Varsity will not be eligible for inter-class competition, and if anyone is cut from the Varsity squad, due to carelessness on his part, he will likewise not be able to enter the class league. I have made arrangements for games with Loyola Freshmen, Rensselaer, Huntington College, and St. John's of Whiting."

In order to make it a regulation court, the floor of the gymnasium is being re-marked and the backboards will be extended approximately five feet, so that access to the basket for under-the-basket-shots may result. According to advance dope about one hundred candidates are expected.



BASEBALL

In a nip and tuck affair, the fourth year base-

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ball team of St. Joe's met and defeated the third year team from Brunnerdale Seminary by a score of four to one. Although out-hit, six to five, by the younger players, the Fourths managed to bunch their hits which accounted for the necessary runs.

The pitching duel between Norbert Dreiling, a brother of Sal and Bonnie, and August Wolf was most interesting; the former putting away nine men via the SO route while the latter came through with eight K's. The outstanding hitters were Wolf and Hoying for the winners, while Bubala and White starred at the bat for the losers. The umpires for the contest, and what umpires, were Rastetter and Kuhns.



The propelling maneuvers of Coach DeCook's calisthenics have filled some of the candidates with that ever-sprightly solution—free wheeling.

The football field took an awful jolting when Joe Lenk and Joe O'Leary bit the dust.

The presence of new members among the students this year shows that there are many who hope to put St. Joe's in the sport spotlight.

It seems as though the Varsity line, or in better terms, the brick wall, will average around 180 pounds, which is not bad for a new team.

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Sweet memories of yester years—the presence of Huntington College on the basketball schedule.

Gomar De Cocker, the fleet-footed hoplite, is out for a guard position and with his weight, who wouldn't want to guard something!

In a recent third year football scrimmage "Sailor" McGuire went aground more than once on that cruise to the uprights.

If the Greeks thought they were fast, I wonder what they would say if they saw the boys dashing for the showers after football practice.

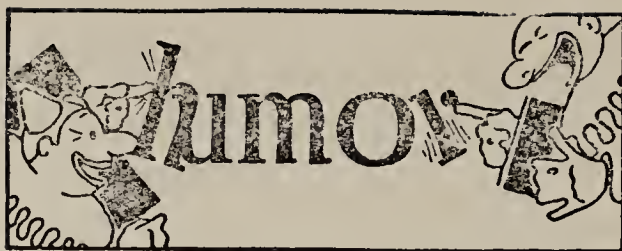
What this country needs is a couple of good ball carriers.

After the football season it will be two hoops instead of two bars.

If your Charley has a horse, see what you can do about getting him some Hey! Hey!

Some of the younger set seem to take great pleasure in going out to the North Campus and driving golf balls into gopher holes.





Lenk—"Did you hear about the mass meeting held by people in favor of Prohibition?"

Wurm—"No."

Lenk—"They held it at the Makeever Hotel in a telephone booth."

Fischer—"That's a good looking hat, Kokomo."

Heilman—"Yes, well I bought it five years ago, had it cleaned three times, changed it twice in restaurants, and it's still as good as new."

Bill Collector to small boy trimming lawn: "Is your mother home, Sonny?"

Boy—"You don't think I'm cutting this grass just because it needs it, do you?"

Si Chology sez:

The best way to have your dreams come true is to wake up.

What this country needs right now is plenty of faith, hope and currency.

People who make a big noise seldom make anything else.

Some boys work their way through school; others work their parents.

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The depression, like Old Man River, just keeps rolling on.

Big Kenney—"Hasn't that cow got a lovely skin, Joe?"

Allgeier—"Yes. It's a Jersey."

Big Kenney—"What do you know about that. I thought it was its skin."

Freshman—"It's true that the earth revolves on its axis, isn't it?"

Senior—"Why sure it's true."

Freshman—"Well then, where does the earth oil its axis?"

Senior—"In Greece, stupid."

Current Songs defined:

"I Don't Know Why"—Since that is the case, report after dinner and find out.

"You've Got Me in the Palm of our Hand"—Thoughts of a student as he receives a summons.

"You Came to Me Out of Nowhere"—Well, it's your fault, you shouldn't be smoking in the Main Building.

Greishaber—"What sweet sounds come from the lake tonight!"

Judy—"Yes, the fish are probably running through their scales."

Now it has been rumored that Joe O'Leary is on a diet. To make a better story, why not add Joe Lenk's name to the list?

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Verily doth the cobbler say:

“We save a hundred soles:
While the parson saves one;
We heel fifty
But the doctor heals none.”

Book Worm—“Why are there more fiction than non-fiction books?”

Librarian—“Because lies are told oftener than the truth.”

Cackle, cackle, little hen,
How I wonder if and when
Once you laid the egg that I
Met, alas! too late. Amen.

Have you seen the junk shop near the railroad crossing up town. It carries this sign, “A hint to motorists: Go ahead; take a chance. We’ll buy the car.”

“Folks,” said the colored minister, “the subject of my sermon dis evenin’ am Liars. How many in de congregation has done read the 69th chapter ob Matthew?”

Every one responded by raising his hand.

“Dat’s right,” said his reverence. —“You is de very folks I want to speak to. Dere ain’t no 69th chapter ob Matthew.”

Heard frequently in the Raleigh Club: “Have you any——? Oh, matches also?”

Scher—“What shall I do for water on the knee?”
Beeler—“Wear pumps.”

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Oct. 26-27-28 "THE PHANTOM PRESIDENT"
Geo. M. Cohan.

Oct. 30-31, Nov. 1 "MADISON SQUARE GARDEN."
J. Oakie, M. Nixon.

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Big Broadcast," "Farewell to Arms," "Sherlock Holmes,"
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